

## **The Task**

**Vahni Capildeo**

It is gross and grotesque. Like the Duomo in Florence. A million liquorice allsorts stuck to the plating of a sea armadillo that grunts itself around in a game of chasetail at low speed.

The only way to see it is to lie down on the street. The skies, velveteed with pollution, really improve when viewed as a ground. But then the mother and daughter might step on you.

The daughter should be mother: she walks pretty in pain like a Madonna.

The mother's hair is like the skies: both having achieved blue after a struggle.

The mother gives the task a caption:

“This is not the Cathedral we were looking for.”